

156 [THE SOUL OF MAN.] *NOSCE  
TEIPSUM!* [^ui^'

So^Ti?<sup>6</sup> If Slie doth then the subtle. Sense excel,  
Se^Tent<sup>n</sup> How gross are they, that drown  
her in the blood ! peratuS" Or in the  
Body's humours tempered well! Humoursof  
As if in them, such high perfection stood.  
the Body

As if most skill in that musician were,  
Which had the best and best-tuned  
instrument! As if the pencil neat, and  
colours clear Had power to make the  
painter excellent

Why doth not Beauty then refine the Wit ?  
And good Complexion rectify the Will ?  
Why doth not Health bring Wisdom still  
with it ? Why doth not Sickness make  
men brutish still ?

Who can in Memory, or Wit, or Will;  
Or Air! or Fire ' or Earth ' or Water  
find ! What alchemist can draw,  
with all his skill, The Quintessence  
of these, out of the Mind ?

If th'Elements (which have, nor Life, nor  
Sense) Can breed in us so great a  
power as this ! Why give they not  
themselves, like excellence, Or other  
things wherein their mixture is ?

If She were but the Body's quality  
Then would She be, with it, sick ! maimed !  
and blind ! But we perceive, when these  
privations be, A healthy, perfect<sub>s</sub> and sharp-  
sighted Mind!

If She, the Body's nature did partake,  
Her strength would, with the Body's  
strength decay ; But when the Body's  
strongest sinews slake, Then is the Soul  
most active ! quick ! and gay !

If She were but the Body's accident,  
And her sole Being did in it subsist  
As white in snow ; She might herself  
absent! And in the Body's substance  
not the mist.